

### A Phrase of Cavavy

You'll always end up in this city,  
familiar cunt. Your whore  
holds out

for promise, so  
you promise her more

money. Your same trousers  
on the same chair, you lazily  
reach for your wallet.

The bills, at least, are new.  
They cut your fingers.

You are, believe it or not, alive  
in this muffled room.

With guts, you'll leave  
and keep it in your pants  
as a valid convention.

Love's an invention, Slug.  
Try.